

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
HORACE HART M.A. AT THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY
PRESS

THE COBLER'S
PROPHECY

1594

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS

1914

This reprint of the *Cobler's Prophecy* has been prepared by A. C. Wood with the assistance of the General Editor.

Dec. 1914.

W. W. Greg.

The Registers of the Stationers' Company contain the following entry :

viiij^o Iunij [1594]

Entred for his copie vnder thandes of master warden Cawood / Cuthbert
a book intituled / the Coblers prophesie vj^d C / Burbey

[Aiber's Transcript, II. 653.]

The quarto, which appeared dated the same year, was printed for Burby by John Danter and bore on the title-page the words, 'Written by Robert Wilson. Gent.' It is printed in type approximating in body to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). There are copies in the British Museum (wanting sig. E), the Bodleian Library, the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and the Dyce collection. Only the British Museum and Pepysian copies have the preliminary leaf (A 1), and only the Dyce copy has the blank leaf at the end (G 4). The British Museum, Bodleian, and Dyce copies have been used in the preparation of this reprint.

Of Robert Wilson very little is known. There seems to have been more than one person of the name connected with the stage. A Robert Wilson, who gained a great reputation as a comic actor, was an original member of the Earl of Leicester's company in 1574 and of the Queen's in 1583. A Robert Wilson also appears repeatedly in Henslowe's Diary as writing for the Lord Admiral's company from 1598 to 1600. The latter is probably the Wilson who is mentioned by Meres in 1598 as among the best poets for comedy, for his name appears in close conjunction with others who wrote for Henslowe. This Wilson can hardly be the same as the actor,

since, in his *Apology for Actors*, printed in 1612, Thomas Heywood, whose connexion with the stage began at latest in 1596, mentions Wilson among the older generation of actors who flourished before his time. It is disputed which of the two was the 'Robert Wilson, yoman (a player)' buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, on 20 November 1600, but there seems to be no evidence that the second was an actor as well as an author.

It is of course the elder Wilson to whom the ascription on the title-page of the present play must be taken to apply, since the style of the composition is certainly that of an earlier period. The only surviving work in which Henslowe's writer had a hand, *Sir John Oldcastle*, is of a much more modern type. It must also be the elder Wilson who is mentioned by Lodge in his *Defence of Poetry, Musick and Stage Plays*, published in 1580, as the author of a play on Catiline's Conspiracy, 'a peece surely worthy prayse, the practice of a good scholler,' but now lost.

Thanks are due to Mr. Gaselee, the Pepysian Librarian, for information concerning the copy in his keeping.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL AND IRREGULAR READINGS.

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 10 Plenties rich] <i>so Dyce:</i> | 400 mee? |
| Plentie srich <i>B.M.,</i> | 446 allthat |
| <i>Bodl.</i> | 463 <i>Mil.</i> |
| 11 sheaues. | 486 I war-(rant)] <i>Iw ar-B.M.:</i> |
| 40 th'effectuall | <i>Iwar- Bodl., Dyce.</i> |
| 65 condemnatiō | 502 certaine |
| 69-70] <i>not indented</i> | 506 Mocs |
| 69 z | 513 <i>Ezcho.</i> |
| faterday | 548 Ladies why] <i>there is a</i> |
| 71 thou. (<i>substitute for</i> | <i>considerable space be-</i> |
| whore. ?) | <i>tween these words in</i> |
| 72 out | <i>the original</i> |
| 86 And] <i>possibly A nd</i> | 558 Cleo: |
| 110 keepe, | <i>I,</i> |
| 120 <i>Mar:</i> | 562 C odri, |
| 124 c.w. <i>Raph.] so Bodl.,</i> | 570 Cleo: |
| <i>Dyce: R ph. B.M.</i> | 595 rrim, |
| 125 Prophet speaker ?] <i>possi-</i> | 599 first |
| <i>bly Prophetspeaker ?</i> | 619 finke, |
| 128 odds.] <i>so Bodl.: Gods.</i> | 622 c.w. VVhy |
| <i>B.M., Dyce.</i> | 644 voice: |
| 157 thon | 649] <i>indented</i> |
| 158 pace] <i>read place and cf. l.</i> | 653, 656 Ch: |
| 950 | 659 andscornd, |
| 194 prophe tation, | 662 voices, |
| 217 exelence. | 675 awhole |
| 231 Soul.] <i>read Cont and cf.</i> | 688 somuch |
| <i>l. 230 c.w.</i> | 766 noth ing |
| 250 Piophesie.] <i>a space before</i> | 780-1] <i>indented</i> |
| <i>the point, possibly read</i> | 806 woondious |
| <i>Prophesies.</i> | 816 fit. |
| 251 iudgemeets | 827 Munnerie ? |
| 301 taskes | 831 Husbandmands, |
| 309] <i>indented</i> | 840 prouide] <i>read prouided</i> |
| <i>before] possibly b efore</i> | 844 prouided] <i>read prouide</i> |
| 375 exelent: | 846 come, |
| 377 isscarfe | 849 th |
| 378 afat | 859 behod. |
| 384 Countr] <i>possibly read</i> | 866 hap |
| <i>Cour. and cf. l. 385</i> | 870 fee, |
| 398 Little] <i>first t doubtful</i> | 873 Sat |

879] *not indented*
 897 the mercie] *possibly*
 themercie
 905, inough:
 907 right,
 918 Bocetia,
 923 fake.] *possibly fake,*
 926 Rabb-
 929 my in
 wariant?
 949 thon
 960 hangrie
 969 fouldiet.
 970 c.w. VVhy
 976 Loue,
 983 vnkinde,
 989-90] *indented*
 1010 loue
 1025 Fife.] *possibly Fife,*
 1063 lighnes,
 1069 Contempt.
 1073 Cobler,
 1088] *not indented*
 1126 Exit
 1127 Enter
 1130 estate.
 1151 noble
 1171 trecherie,
 1205 hoth
 1216 Bocetia,
 1224 chap'ln,
 1240 exile,
 c.w. And] *no doubt a line*
 is omitted
 1241 Ay me] *possibly Ayme*
 1260 godmothers,] *s doubtful*
 1261 Oodfather
 1263 Bocetia
 1268 Mar] *read Mer.*
 1280 hatch] *possibly h atch*

1301] *indented*
 1306 Eueunt.
 1307 Scholler,
 1331] *not indented*
 wife
 1334-5] *stage directions in roman*
 type
 1338 D#,
 1368 not] *a mark after this word*
 (clearest in Bodl.) is
 probably accidental as
 it seems to be outside
 the measure
 1373 Bocetia,
 1384 speed,
 1395 Boætia
 1402 Bocetias
 1403 Sat;
 1422 ye minde,] *read ye to*
 minde,
 1443 c.w. Bu
 1447 alive
 1449] *in roman type*
 1469 Sat,
 1480 uumber.
 1485 Sound drums,] *in roman*
 type
 1488 Cont,
 1500] *in roman type*
 1510] *no c.w.*
 1529 abiects
 1536 Spitting] *first t doubtful*
 1538 abhord,
 1598 Bocetia
 1617 Afresh] *possibly A fresh*
 1621, 1626 Bocetia.
 1634 Bocetian
 sig. F 2 *misprinted I 2*
 sigs. F 2 and F 3, *running title*
 Coblers

As a rule there is a colon after speakers' names, whether these are abbreviated or not, but this is very frequently omitted in the case of *Raph*. Where a semi-colon has been substituted for the

colon it is noted in the above list. A full stop sometimes appears in place of a query-mark at the end of interrogative sentences. A lower case 'w' is often found at the beginning of verse lines and even of speeches. In the running title the spellings *Propheſie* and *Prophecie* appear promiscuously.

The only certain instance of variation between copies is that in l. 128, where the Bodleian copy offers the corrected text. The instances in ll. 10, 124 c.w., 486 may all be due to imperfect locking of the type. Note that the initials in the ornament on A 3 recto have not printed properly in the British Museum copy, from which the collotype plates have been made. The block used in the reprint is from the Bodleian copy, which agrees in this detail with that in the Dyce collection. No initials appear in the similar ornament on the title-page.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

CERES.		CODRUS.
MERCURY.		a Porter of Mars'.
RAPH COBLER.		a Herald.
ZELOTA, his wife.		VENUS.
SATEROS, a soldier.		MARS.
CONTEMPT, alias Content.		FOLLY.
a Country Gentleman.		NEWFANGLE.
a Scholar.		a Duke.
EMNIUS, a courtier.		RU }
THALIA	} three Muses.	INA } waiting maids to Venus.
CLIO		a Messenger to the Duke.
MELPOMINE		a Prisoner.
CHARON.		a Priest.

Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, Bacchus, Vulcan, Diana, Niceness, Dalience, Jealousy, the infant Ruina, and the Duke's daughter.

N.B.—In l. 1362 and subsequently Emnius is called Ennius.



THE COBLERS Prophesie.

Written by Robert Wilfon. *Gem.*



Printed at London by Iohn Danter for Cuthbert
Burbie: and are to be sold at his shop nere
the Royall-Exchange.

1594.



THE COBLER'S Propheſie.

*Enter Iupiter and Iuno, Mars and Veſtus, Apollo after
him, Bacchus, Vulcan limping, and after all Diana winged
her Lands: they paſſe by, while in the ſtage Mercurie ſtands
and ſpeakes from another ſcenes.*

C E R E S.

FReſh Mayas ſonne, fine wiccrafts greateſt God,
Herrald of heauen, ſoule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou wiſt, why theſe celeftiall powers
Are thus aſſembled in Beccotia.

Aſcend ſte: Plentie ſich Queene, cheerer of fainting ſoules,
V Whoſe Altars are adorne with ripend ſheaves,
Know that ſecuritie theſe uſe of ſinne,
Hath bred content in all Beccotia.
The old are ſcorned of the wanton yong,
Vnhallowed hands, and haire impure ſaue,
Rend downe the Altars ſacred to the Gods,

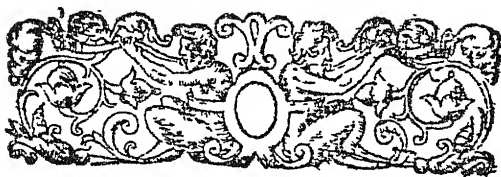
A 2

Heaven



A





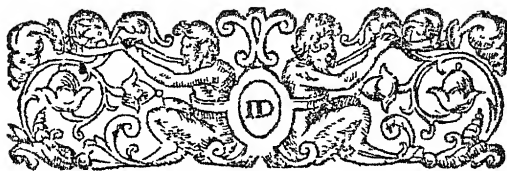
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THE COBLERS Propheſie.

*Enter Iupiter and Iuno, Mars and Venus, Apollo, after ſc. 1
him, Bacchus, Vulcan limping, and after all Diana wringing
her hands: they paſſe by, while on the ſtage Mercurie from one
end Ceres from another meete.*

C E R E S.

FReſh Mayas ſonne, fine witcrafts greateſt God,
Herrald of heauen, ſoule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou witſt, why theſe celeftiall powers
Are thus aſſembled in Bœotia.

Mercurie Plenties rich Queene, cheerer of fainting ſouls, 10
VVhoſe Altars are adorne with ripend ſheaves.
Know that ſecuritie chiefe nurse of finne,
Hath bred contempt in all Bœotia.
The old are ſcorned of the wanton yong,
Vnhallowed hands, and harts impurer farre,
Rend downe the Altars ſacred to the Gods.

The Coblers Propheſie.

Heauen is long ſuffring, and eternall Powers
Are full of pitie to peruerſeſt men:
which made the awful Ruler of the reſt,
Summon this meeting of the heauenly States:
The firſt was Iupiter, Iuno with him,
Next Mars and Venus, him I know you knew not,
His Harneſſe is conuerted to ſoft filke,
His warres are onely wantonings with her,
That ſcandalizeth heauen and heapes worlds hate,
Apollo next, then Bacchus belly-God,
And horned Vulcan forger of heauens fire,
The laſt poore Cynthia making woful mone,
That ſhe is left ſweet virgin poſt alone.
I am but meſſenger, and muſt not denounce
Til the high ſenate of the Gods decree it,
But ſacred Ceres, if I may diuine,
In heauen ſhall Venus vaunt but little time.

20

30

Ceres: So pleaſde it mighty Ioue the doome were iuſt,
Amongſt that holy traine what needs there luſt

Mercurie: I ſee a ſort of wondring gazing eyes,
That doo await the end of this conceit,
whom Mercurie with wauiug of his rod,
And holy ſpels inioines to fit and ſee,
th'effectuall working of a Propheſie.

40

Ceres: And Ceres ſheds her ſweeteſt ſwetes in plentie,

Caſt Comſets.

That while ye ſtay their pleaſure may content ye.
Now doo I leaue thee Mercury, and will in to take my place,
Doo what thou canſt in wanton luſts diſgrace.

Mercurie: Ceres I will, and now I am alone
will I aduiſe me of a meſſenger
That will not faint: will not ſaid I?
Nay ſhall not faint ſent forth by Mercurie.

I am reſolud, the next I meete with be it he or ſhe,
To doo this meſſage ſhall be ſent by me.

50

*Enter Raph Cobler with his ſtoole, his implements and ſhooes,
and*

The Coblers Propheſie.

and ſitting on his ſtoole, falls to ſing,

Hey downe downe a downe a downe,

hey downe downe a downe a,

Our beauty is the braueſt Laffe in all the towne a:

For beauties ſweete fake, I ſleepe when I ſhould wake,

ſhee is ſo nut browne a.

Her cheekes ſo red as a cherrie, do make my hart full merry,

So that I cannot chooſe in cobling of my ſhoes,

60

but ſing hey derrie derrie downe derrie.

Zelota his wife within. (your ſaſhion.

Zelota: Go too Raph youle ſtill be ſinging loue ſongs its

Raph: Content your ſelfe wife, tis my own recantation,

No loue ſong neither, but a carrol in beauties condemnatiō

Ze: well year beſt leaue ſinging and fall to work by & by
while I to buy meat for our dinner to market doo hie. (way.

R: And you were beſt leaue your ſcolding to, & get you a-

z: And I come to you Raph, Ile courſe ye as I did a faterday

R: Courſe me ſnowns, I would thou durſt come out of dore, 70

And thou doſt Ile knock thee on the head thou arrant thou.

was not this luſtily ſpoken? I warrant ſhe dare not come out

Enter Zelota.

Ze: Ile ſee what yeele doo, where are yee goodman Lout?

He creepes vnder the ſtoole.

Ra: O no bodie tell her that I am vnder the ſtoole.

Ze: wheres this prating Affe, this dizzardly foole.

Mer: why here I am Dame, lets ſee what thou canſt ſay,
Beſtirre your Diſtaffe, doo the worſt ye may.

Ze: Alas that euer I was borne to ſee this ſight,

80

My Raph is transformed to a wicked ſpright.

Ra: Shee lies yfaith, I am here vnder the ſtoole.

Mer: Let me alone Raph, hold thy peace thou foole.

I am a ſprite indeede, a fiend which will purſue thee ſtill,

Vntill I take a full reuenge of all thy proffered ill.

And for thy former dealings to thy husband hath bin bad,

I charme thee and inchaunt thee queane,

Thou henceforth ſhalt be mad:

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And neuer shall thy foolish braine cut off this franticke fit,
Till with thy hand vnwillinglie thou murder doe commit. 90

He charmes her with his rod,

Rap. Nay she is mad enough alreadie,
For she will doe nothing with me but fight,
And ye make hir more mad, shele kill me out right.

Zel. Make me mad Raph, no faith Raph,
Though thou be a diuell and a spright,
Nere toll the bell, Ile not be gossippe,
The childe shall not be christned to night.
Goe to the back-houſe for the boy,
Bid the tankerd bring the conduit home.
Ile buy no plumme porredge,
Ile not be made ſuch a mome.
And becauſe thou haſt a fine rod Raph,
Ile looke in thy purſe by and by:
And if thou haue any money in it,
wele drinke the Diuell dry, Diuell dry, &c

100

Here ſhe runnes about the ſtage ſnatching at euerie thing ſhee ſees.

Raph. Out of doubt ſhe is mad indeed,
See what a coyle ſhe doth keepe,

110

Mer. Raph ſhe ſhall trouble none of vs, Ile charme her
faſt a ſleepe.

Zel. Come Raph, lets goe ſleepe, for thou muſt mend
Queene Guiniuers ſhooes to morrow.

I haue a pillowe of my owne, Ile neither begge nor borrow.

Exit.

Mer. So ſleepe thy fill, now Raph come forth to mee.

Raph. Come forth quoth he marrie God bleſſe vs.

Now you haue made my wife mad what ſhal become of me?

Mar. Feare not come forth, I meane no hurt to thee. 120

Rap. VVell Ile truſt you for once, what ſay yee. (bed

Mer. Raph hie thee home, & thou ſhalt finde vpon thy
Attire that for a prophets ſute ſhal ſtand thee in good ſtead
A prophet thou muſt be and leaue thy worke a while.

Raph.

The Coblers Prophecie 1

Raph A Prophet speaker? Ha, ha, ha, heres a coyle^d
What are you, I pray?

Mer: I am Mercurie the Messenger of the Gods.

Raph And I am Raph Cbler, twixt vs there is some odds.
But heare ye God Markedy, haue you retoritie
To take a free man^e of his companie,
And hinder him to be your Prophet speaker,
And when ye set him a worke giue him nothing for his labor.

130

Mer: I must charme him asleepe, or he will still be prating.
He please thee well, I pre thee Raph sit downe.

Raph Now I am set, would I had a pot of ale.

Mer: We will haue twaine, but first attend my tale.

He charmes him with his rod asleepe.

Not farre hence standeth Mars his Court,
to whom thus see thou say,

*Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game,
that wontst to croe by day,*

140

*And with thy sharpned spurres
the crauen Cockes didst kill and slay:
Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,
and make thy fethers gay:*

*A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
shall slie thee betray,
And tread thy Hen, and for a time
shall carrie her away.*

*And she by him shall hatch a Chicke,
this Countrey to decay.*

150

*And for this pretie Pullets name
thou shalt the better learne:*

*When thou shalt onlie letters fiae
within one name discerne,*

*Three vowels and two consonants,
vvhich vowels if thou scan,
Doth sound that vvhich to euerie pace
conducteth euerie man.*

The Coblers Prophecie.

Then call to minde this Prophecie,

160

for thats the bastards name.

*Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
and win thy wonted fame.*

Now Raph awake, for I haue done
the taske for which I came.

Exit.

Raph stretches himselfe, and wakes.

Raph Heigh ho, wake quoth you, I thinke tis time,
for I haue slept soundly :

And re thought in my sleep this was God Markedy,
that had chaunted my wife mad for good cause why.

170

Above me thought I saw God Shebiter,
that marlously did frowne,

VVith a dart of fier in his hand
readie to throw it downe

Below me thought there were false knaues
walking like honest men verie craftely :

And few or none could be plainly seene
to thrue in the world by honestie.

Me thought I saw one that was wondrous fat,
Picke two mens purses while they were struuing for a gnat.

180

And some that dwelt in streetes were large and faire,
Kept backe shops to vtter their baddest ware.

VVhat meddle I with trades? Men masters and maids,
Yea and wiues too and all are too too bad,

Be iudgd by my wife, that was neuer well till she ran mad.
But O the Baker, how he plaid false with the ballance,

And ran away from the takers tallants.

The Bruer was as bad, the Butcher as ill,

For its their tricke to blow vp leane meate with a quill.

And with the stroke a Butcher gaue an oxe
that lowd bellowing did make,

190

I lost sight of all the other trickes,
and so sodainly did wake

But now must Raph trudge about his prophe tation,
Faith ye shall heare me troll it out after my fashion.

Exit.

Enter

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Enter Sateros a souldier, and Contempt naming
himselfe Content.*

Sc. 11

Sat. Thus haue I serued in my Princes warres,
Against the Persian and the Asian Powers:
The cole-blacke Moore that reuels in the Straights
Haue I repelled with my losse of blood
My scarres are witnes of my hard escapes:
My wrinckles in my face (made old by care,
VVhen yet my yeres are in their chiefeft prime)
Are glasse of my grieffe, lights of my languor,
That liue disgracde, and haue deserued honor

200

Cont. I am the admiredst in Bœotia,
By honoring me thou shalt obtaine preferment.

Sat. Vnto the Gods and Prince doo souldiers honor,
And wert thou one of these, I would adore thee.

210

Cont. I am of power more than all the Gods
To fit and rule the harts of all degrees.
They haue in me content, as thou shalt see
A present instance in these entring men

*Enter Emnius a Courtier, with him a Scholler, and
a Countrey Gentleman.*

Contr. Haile to Contents diuineft exelence.

Schol. Content our sweetest good, we doo salute thee.

Cour. Though last I am not least in duteous kindnes
To thee Content although thou be no God,
Yet greater in account than all of them.

220

Schol. But if ye knew his name wer *Olygoros*, which signifieth
Contempt, you would not mistake him, and name him Content.

Cont. O Mas scholler be patient, for though you like not my
name, you loue my nature: and therefore Gentlemen forward
with the discourse intended at our last meeting: and in that con-
ference this Gentleman a souldier, I presume will make one.

Cour. Being a foldier, his companie is fit for anie honest gen-
tleman, and therefore welcome into our companie.

Sat. I thanke you sir.

230

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Enter Sateros a souldier, and Contempt naming
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Sc. II

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Cour: Being a soldier, his companie is fit for anie honest gen-
tleman, and therefore welcome into our companie.

Sat: I thanke you sir.

230

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: Though the Courtier speake him faire, in hart I knowe he disgaines him for his bace apparell: wherein he obserues one principle of my law. Welcome him Scholler.

Schol: To me a Souldier is a welcome man.

Soul: I kindly thanke you sir.

Enter Raph.

Raph Sir: what sir, or what stir haue we here? VVhy ye proud Pagans and Panem nostrums, thinke ye no better of a Prophet than ye would of a Pedlar: and make ye no more account of me than ye doo of a Cobler.

Cont: As thou art.

240

Raph As I am? No ye little goosecap God, knowe that God Markedie made me a Prophet, and sent me of a message to the blundring God of the thundring warre, to Mars, to Maua aua aua ars: twill come nere your nose little God I can tell ye.

Cont. Well hold thy peace of that, and let vs hear these Gentlemen dispute.

Raph VVill they spout? whereon?

Cont: He of the Court, the other of the Countrey, this of Bookes, that of Battels.

Raph And I of Prophecie.

250

Cont: No, thou and I will sit still, and giue our iudgemeets of this controuerfie.

Raph VVell content, but Ile speake my minde when I list, thats flat.

Cont: Sit downe then, Gentlemen when you please begin.

Emn: First I am a Courtier, daily in my Princes eye: which one good of it selfe alone is able to make my Estate aboue all other happy. By it I get wealth, fauor, credit, countenance: on me attend suters, praying, paying, and promising more, than either sometimes they are able to performe, or I at most times expect.

Raph Thats true, for I was a suter three yere vnto ye for mending your pantables, and I was promist more than I could euer get, or did euer looke for.

Emn: At the entertainment of strangers, who but the Courtier is in braue account? or to the heavenly fellowship of diuine-
est

eft beautie, and ſweete confort of louely Ladies, who bu the Courtier is called? while the Scholler ſits all day inuenting Syllogiſmes, the Countrey Gentleman plodding among poore hinds, and this bare ſouldier here carrowſing among his prating companions. 270

Soul: Why a ſouldier of deſert (as with no other doo I confort) can be no leſſe than a Gentleman, and ſome Courtiers are ſcarce ſo much. Deſert I denie not is oft preferd, but oftner flattrie. Becauſe I am homely clad, you hold me diſhonorable: but in this plaine ſute haue I been, where you dare not with all your filkes.

Emn: VVhy I haue been where thou dareſt not come.

Soul: I thats in the Mercers booke, where I will not come.

Raph A word with ye Mas ſouldier.

280

Soul: Now fir.

Raph Tis cauſe the Mercer will not truſt ye: for he knowes his booke is as good as a ſconce for ye, youle neuer out till you bee torne or fired out.

Soul: How ere deſpised, yet am I a Gentleman, and in the conflict of Arbaces Generall of Perſia at Marathon, I reſcued the colours of Bœotia. I haue had hony words and ſome reward, too little to beſtow among my maimed ſouldiers. Souldiers obſerue lawes, therein appeares their iuſtice, at leaſt equalling the ſcholler: bring Princes to thraldom, then triumphing ouer courtiers: are liberall to giue, wherein for the moſt they excell the Countrey Gentleman. In brieſe, they are the ſwords of heaun to puniſh: the ſalue of heaunen to pitie. Of whoſe number bee- ing not the meanest, I thinke my ſelfe nothing inferiour to anie of theſe Gentlemen. 290

Raph But thou haſt made manie a Cocke a cuckold by ſtealing away his Hen.

Countr: Nay my life excelleth all, I in the Countrey liue a King, my Tenaunts (as vaſſailes) are at my will commaunded: fearfuller I know they are to diſpleaſe mee, than diuers of you Courtiers to offend the Duke. Come there anie taskes to bee leui- ed, I tuch not mine owne ſtore, for on them I take it: and I 300

may ſay to you with ſome furpluſage: my wood they bring
me home, my hay and corne in harueſt: their cattell, ſeruant,
ſonnes, and ſelues, are at my commaund.

Schol: O iure, quaque iniuria.

Raph Nay and you ſpeake Latin, reach me my laſte.
Harke ye maſ Scholler, harke ye.

The time ſhall come not long before the doome,
That in deſpite of Roome,
Latin ſhall lacke,

310

And Greeke ſhall beg with a wallet at his backe.
For all are not ſober that goes in blacke
Goe too ſcholler, theres a learning for your knacke

Contr: At my liſt can I rack their rents, ſet them to fines, bind
them to forfeits, force them to what I pleaſe. If I build, they bee
my labourers: if bargaine, on them I build: and for my good
looke they are content to endure any trauell.

Raph But for all this ill and wrong,
Marke the Coblers ſong.

320

The hie hill and the deepe ditch,
VVhich ye digd to make your ſelues rich,
The chimnies ſo manie, and almes not anie,
The widowes wofull cries,
And babes in ſtreete that lies,
The bitter ſweate and paine
That tenants poore ſuſtaine,
Will turne to your bane I tell ye plaine,
When burning fire ſhall raine,
And fill with botch and blaine
The ſinew and each vaine.

330

Then theſe poore that crie,
Being liſted vp on hie,
VVhen you are all forlorne,
Shall laugh you lowd to ſcorne.
Then where will be the ſchollers allegories,
VVhere the Lawier with his dilatories,
VVhere the Courtier with his brauerie,

And

And the money monging mate with all his knauerie.

Bethinke me can I no where els,

But in hell where Diues dwels.

But I fee ye care not yet,

And thinke these words for me vnfit,

And geffe I speake for lacke of wit:

Stand aside, stand aside, for I am disposed to spit.

Cont: Be quiet Cobar, lets heare the Scholler speake.

Raph I giue him rectorie: to it.

Schol: VVhat the Courtier dreamingly possesse, the Countrey Gentleman with curffes, and the Souldiour with cares: I quietly enioy without controll. In my studie I contemplate 350 what can be done in batels, & with my pen hurt more than thousands doo with pikes, I strike him that sees me not.

Raph I thought you were a proper man of your hands to come behinde one.

Schol: I see the height of heauen

Raph But thou makest no hast thither.

Schol: I view the depth of hell

Raph Is there anie roome in hell for curst wiues and Coblers shops.

Scholler: Content is my Landlorde, peace and quiet are my 360 companions, I am not with the Courtier bound to daunce attendance; nor with the Countriman binde I others to attende on mee. I possesse pleasure more than mortall, and my contemplation is onely of the life immortall.

Courtier: But you would bee glad to creepe in credit in the Court Scholler, and not be curious of the meanes, for all your coynesse.

Scholl: I will not acquaint you fir with my intent, for they are fooles that in secret affaires are too familiar, know this, that I intend to awaite occasion.

Soldier. Faith Master Scholler yet it stands not with your protestation.

Countrie Gentleman: Nor with you Soldier to be thus blunt after your rude fashion.

Soldier:

The Coblers Propheſie

Soul. Alas ſir, you muſt needes be exelent: for Piers & Plaine your poore tenants pray for ye: their bread and cheeſe is ſeldom denied to anie, when your ſmall beere iſcarſe common to manie. You know what wil be made of a fat oxe as well as the Graſier, of the tallowe as well as the Butcher, of a tod of wooll as well as the Stapler.

380

Countr. VVhat hath any man to doe what I doe with mine owne?

S. I alls thine owne that comes in thy hands

Countr. Sir you would make enough of it in yours to.

Soul. I maſter Courtier, thats to deale as you doe.

Schol. This ſouldier is as rough as if he were in the field.

Soul. VVhere you would be as tame

Cont. Has a proud hart though a beggers habit.

Soul. VVhere I frequent this habit ſerues my turne: and as goodly a fight were it to ſee you there in your filkes, as the ſcholar skirmiſhing in his long gown, or the countrey Gentleman riding on a fat Oxe with a mole ſpade on his necke.

390

Raph. VVhat, riding running, brauing, bralling, I ſee ye paſſe not for a Prophets calling:

Therefore I will not bee ſo mad,

To caſt Pearles to ſwine ſo bad

Cont. Prethee Raph ſtay a little.

Raph. Little little ſeeing God, I ſhall ſee you in a ſpittle. *Ex.*

Con. Your diſputation being done Gentlemen, which hath highly contented mee? what will ye now doo?

400

Emn. Marry we will all to the eighteene pence Ordinary, how ſaye ye Gentlemen?

Countr. No ſir, not I, tis too deere by my faith.

Schol. VVhy you ſhall be my gueſt for this once. How ſaye you maſter ſouldier?

Soul. No ſir I muſt turne one of your meales into three. And euerie one a ſufficient banquet for me.

Cour. Faith and you had kept your newes vntill now, yee ſhould haue bin my gueſt, for your talke would haue ſerud well for the table.

410

Soul:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul. Thats a practise of thine owne arte: it makes thy companie borne withall, where otherwise thou wert no fit guest, for takes at some tables are as good as testerns

Cour. Nay then I perceiue yee grow chollericke, come firs

They proffer to goe in

Cont. VVhy Gentlemen, no farewell to your little God

All three. Suffice it without vaine Ceremonies we shew our felues dutifull

Com. Tis enough, fare yee well.

Exeunt Courtier, Scholler, Country. ~ 420

Contempt: Now souldier, what wilt thou doe?

Sould. Faith fir as I may.

Cont. VVilt thou serue me, and doe as I will thee, and thou shalt not want.

Sould. No: for if thy name be Contempt as the Scholler said, I abhorre and desie thee.

Com Euen as the child doth wormefeed hid in Raifons, which of itselfe he cannot brooke: so thou canst not abide my name, but louest my nature: for prooffe, wanting liuing raylst on the City, greeust at the country, yea grudgest at the King himselfe: 430
thou saist thou art going to thy Patron Mars with a suplication for bettring thy estate, and how, by war: wher how many rapes, wrongs and murders are committed, thy selfe be iudge, all which thou esteamest not off, so thy owne want be supplied.

Sould. Contempt herein thou reasonest like thy selfe,

Base minded men I know there are in field,
That doe delight in murder, rape and blood,
As there are tares in corne and weeds with flowers,
And enuious snakes among the fleeting fish:
But for the noble souldier, he is iust

440

To punnish wrongs, protect the innocent,
VVeaken the tyrant, and confirme the right,
VVant cannot make him basely mutinous,
VVealth cannot make him proudly insolent,
In honourable thoughts dwell his content,
And he is foe to allthat loue contempt.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Contempt. Then Sateros thou art no mate for mee. *Exit*

Souldier. No, Vpstart scorners are fit slaues for thee. *Exit.*

Enter Clio, Melpomine, and Thalia: Clio with a penknife, *Sc. iii*
Melpomine being idle, Thalia writing.

Thalia. Clio a pen. 451

Clio. Both pen and quill I misse.

Thalia. One Estridge penne yet in my penner is,
Quickly take that and make a pen for me.

Melpomine. The feathers of a gluttonous bird shew what the wearers be.

Thalia. Melpomine lend me a pen.

Melpom. Mine pierce too hard for your writing

Enter Raph Cobler.

Thalia. Quickly a pen, ha, ha, fond foolish men. 460

Raph. Foole? no foole neither though none of the wisest Dame,
But a Prophet one of Merlins kinde I am.

Mil. Art thou a Prophet, whats thy name?

Raph. Raph Cob.

Clio. Ier, speake out.

Raph. Ye ha it yfaith.

Thal. A pen a pen in hast,
That I may write this Pageant ere it be past.

Raph. Comes there a Pageant by, Ile stand out of the greene mens way for burning my vestment. 470

Thal. A pen good Clio, fie how ye make me stay.

Clio. Make shift a while you shall haue this straight way.

Raph. If I had a pen as I haue none,
For I vse no such toole,
Thou shouldst haue none an it,
For at my first comming thou caldest me foole.

Tha. A pen a pen, it will be gone incontinent.

Clio. Hold theres thy pen.

Raph:

Raph. But are you the Gods of the Scriueners, that you make pens so fast, trow we.

480

Enter fouldier.

Clio. O sisters shift, we are betraid,
Another man I see

Souldier A filly man at your commaund,
Be not afraid of me

Raph No, no, tis the fouldier, heele doo yee no hurt I warrant yee

Melpom. To see a man come in this place,
It is so strange to vs,
As we are to be held excusde,
That are amazed thus
But art thou a fouldier?

490

Sould. Yea Lady.

Mel. The better welcome vnto me

Tha. Not so to me.

Raph. And what am I?

Tha. Be whist a while, Ile tell thee by and by

Raph. Thats some mends yet for calling of me foole

Sould. Thanks Ladies for your curtesies, but the fight of three
such Goddes on the sodaine, hath driuen mee into certaine
muses.

Eccho. certaine muses.

Soul. Especially being alone so solitarie in this wood.

Eccho. In this wood

Raph. Harke fouldier some body mocks thee.

Eccho. Mocs thee.

Raph Mocks me much.

Eccho. Much.

Soul. Hold thy peace good Raph.

Eccho. Good Raph.

510

Raph Raph, thats my name indeede,
But how shall I call thee?

Eccho. I call thee

Raph. Dost thou: Mas and Ile come to thee, and

The Coblers Prophecie.

I knew where thou art.

Eccbo: Thou art.

Raph: Art : faith and thou be as pretty a wench as any of these three, my mad wife shall neuer know that I play a mad part.

Eccbo Part

Raph: Part: Ile come.

520

Eccbo: Come.

Raph: Faith and I will, haue at thee. *Exit.*

Mel: Thus are we well rid of one that would haue troubled our talke: and this artificiall eccho, hath told thee what we are: certaine muses dwelling in this wood, in number twice so many more as we be here

Sould: Your names good Ladies?

Melp: Mine Melpomine, hirs Clio, this that writes Thalia.

Sould: Might I without offence intreate three things,

I should be greatly bound.

530

Melp: VVe will not denie thee three things, that can participate to thee thousands

Sould: Firſt would I request of this Ladie, whether she write with this Estridge quill of purpose, or for want of other.

Tba: Somewhat for want, but especially of purpose: the men which now doe minister me matter to write, are nere of the nature of the Estridge: who hauing the bodie of a bird, hath the head of a beast: she is greedy, deuouring and disgesting al things, and builds hir nest in sand: so are my worldlings, bodied and feathered as birds to flie to heauen, but headed as beasts to imagine beaſtly thinges on earth: downe to the which their Camels necks doe draw their verie noses: greedy are they deuouring the Orphanes right, and disgesting the widdowes wrongs, Foolish, forgetful and froward, building their nest on sand, which the winde of heauens wrath or water of worldly affliction doth scatter and wash away. Thus art thou answered for the first, demaund the rest.

So: Next Ladies why doo you twaine stand idle, and let Thalia take the paine.

Mel: On geeres and gests the world is onely set,

550
For

The Coblers Propheſie.

For me there is no worke no tragicke ſcene,

Battailes are done, the people liue in reſt,

They ſhed no teares but are ſecure paſt meane

Sould: VVhy lend you not Thalia then ſome pens?

Mel: My pens are too too ſharpe to fit hir ſtile.

I ſhall haue time to uſe them in a while

Sould: But gentle Clio, me thinks your inke is dry.

Cleo: It may be well, I haue done writing I,

Sould: VVhat did you register when you did write?

Clio: The works of famous Kings, and ſacred Priests, 560

The honourable Acts of leaders braue,

The deeds of C odri, and Horatij.

The loue Licurgus bore to Spartans ſtate,

The liues of auncient Sages and their ſawes,

Their memorable works, their worthy lawes.

Now there is no ſuch thing for to indite

But toyes, that fits Thalia for to write

Sould: A heauie tale good Lady you vnfold,
Are there no worthie things to write as were of old.

Cleo: Yes diuers Princes make good lawes, 570

But moſt men ouer ſlip them.

And diuers dying giue good gifts,

But their executors nip them

Mel: Tiſiphone is ſtepping to the ſtage, and ſhe hath ſworne
to whip them

Sou. The third and laſt thing I require is if you can:
ſhew me the mightie Mars his court.

Mel: VValk hence a flight ſhoot vp the hill,
And thou ſhalt ſee his caſtle wall.

Soul: Ladies the gifts that I can giue, 580
Is humbly thrice to thanke you all.

Exit.

Mel: Farewell pore ſouldier.

Clio: Thalia now wee are alone, tel vs what pageant twas you
cald for pens euen now ſo haſtely, to end?

Tha: Twas thus: *You know the Gods long ſince ſent downe,
Pleaſure from heauen to comfort men on earth,*

The Coblers Prophecie

Pleasure abuzde in country Court and towne,
By speeches, gestures, and dishonest mirth,
Made humble sute that he to heauen might passe
Againe, from world where he so wronged was.
His sute obtaind, and ready he to clime,
Sorrow comes sneaking and performes his deede,
Snatches his Roabe, and euer since that time,
Tis paine that masks disguisde in pleasures weede.
The Pageant's thus, with cost and cunning rrim,
That worldlings welcome Paine in steede of him
Loath was I that vnpend one iote of this should goe,
Because I smile to see for weale, how sweetly men swill woe.

590

Melpo. Woe is the first word I must write, beginning where
you end

600

I haue incke inough and pens good store.

Chlo. Perhaps the world will mend

Mel. I would it would

Chlo. VVhy if it should you faile in your account

Thalia. Then you perhaps will haue some worke.

Chlo. Tush come lets mount the Mount.

Exeunt.

Enter Raph Cobler *whooping*.

Sc in

Ra. VVaha how, wa how, holla how whoop: Did no body
see the mocking sprite, I am sure I haue followed her vp and
downe all this day crying and calling while my throat is hoarse
again. Ile coniure her too but tis in vaine, for knowledge hath
knockt that in the braine, but be it diuel or be it spright, Ile call
again to haue a fight. Ya ha how: Nay Ile call againe.

Enter Charon.

Charon. Againe, I and againe too, I trow,
VVhat night and day no rest but row?
Come if thou wilt goe ouer Styx,
For if thou stay a while I thinke,
There will come so many my boate will sinke,

Ra. Ouer stix I and ouer stones,
Heres a question for the nonce,
VVhy what art thou I pray thee tell?

620

VVhy

C. VVhy Charon Ferriman of hell

Ra. VVhy what a diuel doo I with thee?

Three or foure within: A boate, a boate, a boate

C. Härke what a coile they keepe, come if thou wilt to hell
with mee.

A small voice. A boate, a boate, a boate.

Ra. This should bee the voice of a woman, comes women
thither too

C. why men & women euery houre, I know not what to do.

A great voice. A Boate, a Boate, a Boate.

Ra. This should be the voice of some great man.

C. VVhy Popes and Prelates, Princes and Iudges more than
I number can,

But the couetous misers they fret me to the gall,

I thinke they bring their money to hell,

For they way the diuel and all

Ra. Mas and may well be, for theres little money stirring on
the earth

A voice hastilie: Charon a boate, a boate, Ile pay thee well for
thy hire.

C. VVhy what art thou that makst such hast?

voice: The Ghost of a gray Frier.

So troubled with Nunnes as neuer Frier was,

Therefore good Charon let me be first,

That ouer the Foord shall pas.

C. Come firra, thou hearst what a calling they keep wilt thou
goe?

Ra. VVhy Charon this calling makes thee mad I geffe,
VVhy I am no spirite but liuing Raph,
And God Markedie sends me of busines.

Ch: Tush, if thou be sent of God, we cannot hold thee farewel.

Enter Codrus.

Codr Yet gentle Charon carrie mee?

Ch: Thee? VVhy what art thou, that liuing fuest to go to hell?

Codr The wretchedst man of wretches most that in this
wretched world doth dwell:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Dispisde, disdaine, starude, whipt and scornd,
Prest through dispaire my selfe to quell,
I therefore couet to behold if greater torment be in hell:

660

All the voices, A bote, a bote, a bote.

Cha: I come, I come

Rap: Nay I prethee let them tarrie and harken to the pore.

Cha Codrus I cannot helpe thee now, and yet I with thee wel,
Theres scarcely roome enough for rich,
So that no pore can come to hell.

But when the ditch is digged downe as cleane as is the wall
That parted hel and purgatorie, then if thou chaunce to cal:

Because I see as thou art pore thou art impatient,

670

To carry thee quickly vnto hell Codrus ile be content.

And now the time will not bee long, for thers commiſſion gone
For workemē, that haue power to make Elyſium & Limbo one,
And there are ſhipwrights ſent for too, to build me vp a bigger
A bote ſaid I? nay awhole hulke:

(bote,

And that the ſame may ſafely flote,

Cocytus, Lethe, Phlegeton

Shal al be digged into Styx:

For where one wont to come to hell,

I tel thee now comes ſiue or fixe.

680

For ignorance that wont to be,

Is wilful blindnes now become.

So thou muſt come when roome is made,

I tel thee yet there is no roome

Raph: I pre thee tel me one thing

Ch. That I wil Raph whats the matter?

Rap: Charon why doth thy face looke ſo black, and thou vſe
ſomuch the water?

Cha: O, night was my mother, this is hir marke,
I cannot waſh it off. Codrus farewell

690

Co: Charon Adieu.

Exit.

Ra: Boteman?

Ch: Hagh

Exit.

Ra: Theres a ſcoffe, thats a waterman indeed.

VVell

VVell I must to God Mars for all this,
I would I could, meete my souldier agen.

Exit.

Enter Emnius Countier solus

Sc. v

Emn. Euen as the Eagle soares against the funne,
And spite of Phœbus shine, pries in his face :

Euen as the swordfish meetes the mighty VVhale,
And puts the hugie monster to disgrace,

700

So Emnius thoughts intending to aspire

Sore gainst the funne, and fleete in wrathfull yre :

The Duke the funne that dazles Emnius eyes,

The Duke the hugie VVhale that ouer-bearcs mee,

But I will gaze and blinde him too ere long,

And play the swordfish though he little feares mee.

The lesse suspected sooner shall I strike him,

And this my reason is for I mislike him.

His Daughter with inticing words is woone mine owne,

710

But I disdaine her were shee fairer farre :

Tush tis for rule I cast and Princely throne,

The state of Prince, brighter than brightest starre.

And who doth hinder Emnius but the Duke?

And therefore who should perish but the Duke?

Shortly a solemne hunting he intends,

And who but I is put in chiefeest trust?

VVell Ile be trustie if my Pistol hold,

In loue and kingdoms *Ioue* will prooue vniust.

He dead, I wed his Heire and onely Daughter,

720

And so shall winne a Crowne by one mans slaughter.

Suppose he haue beene kinde, liberall and free,

VVhy I confesse it, but its my desire,

To be as able to bestow as hee,

And till I can my hart consumes in fire.

O soueraigne glory, chiefeest earthly good,

A Crowne¹ to which who would not wade through blood.

Then ruthles of his life doo I resolute,

D

To

The Coblers Prophecie.

To wait my time till I haue wrought his end,
He dies, the Duke shall die, and Emnius raigne,
VVere he my father or a dearer friend.

730

Teares shall not hinder, praiers shall not intreate mee,
But in his throne by blood I soone will seate mee

*Enter Souldier, Raph, Mars his lame Porter in rustie
armour, and a broken bill, the Herrald with
a penfill and colours.*

Sc vi

Raph. Art thou one of God Mars his traine?
Alas good father thou art lame,
To be a souldier farre vnlustie,
Thy beard is gray thy armour rustie,
Thy bill I thinke be broken too

740

Porter. Friend make not thou so much adoo,
My lamenes comes by warre,
My armours rustines comes by peace,
A maimed souldier made Mars his Porter,
Lo this am I: now questioning cease.

Raph: And what are you? A Painter with your penfill and
your colours braue?

Her: No Painter but a Herrald firrha to decipher a Gentle-
man from a knaue.

750

Raph. Pray sir, can yee Gentleman and knaue it both in one
man, and yee can sir, I pray you doo it in me

Her: Indeed I cannot in thy selfe,
For all is knaue that is in thee.

Raph Sing one two and three, sing after mee,
And so shall we right well agree

Soul: Sir take no heed what he doth say,
His foolish humor you doo see,
But tell me pray are you a Herrald.

Her: I am.

760

Soul. I should haue rather tooke you to haue beene,
Appelles prentise, you were with colours so prouided.

In

In auncient times haue Heralds beene esteemd,
And held companions for the greatest Kings
Augustus Cæsar made a law, so did Antonius too,
That without Heralds graue aduice Princes shoulde noth ing
doo.

Her: VVell then was then, these times are as they be.
VVe now are faine to wait who growes to wealth,
And come to beare some office in a towne
And we for money help them vnto Armes,
For what cannot the golden tempter doe?

770

Sould A lamentable thing it is, but tell vs I intreate,
VVhere might we finde adored Mars

Her: From hence fir you to Venus Court must passe,
Adowne the hill, the way is steepe, smooth, sleeke as any glasse
Goe by the dore of Dalliance, and if you there him mis
Aske Nicenes for she best can tell where hir faire Lady is?
Both day and night the dores are ope,

The strongest closet dore is but of fethers made,
Rush boldly in, stand not to aske and neuer be afraide.

780

Soul. At Venus Court fir doe you say that Mars is to be found?

Por: Gentleman we haue told yee truth although vnto our
harts it be a wound,

For seaching as wee bid you fir,
No doubt a wondrous hap,
But you shall finde God Mars a sleepe,
On Lady Venus lap

This one thing more, you cannot come
The way you thither passe:

790

Tis dangerous, the hills too steepe and slipperie all as glasse.
Take this of me, the fairest way from Venus Court is beggerie.
There are more waies, but they are worse and threaten more ex-
tremitie.

Her I thats for such as thither passe,
Of pleasure and of will:
But these for other purpose goe,
Doubt therefore fir no ill.

The Coblers Prophecie

Soul. I thanke you both that haue vs warned by your skill.

Ra. I and Ile end with a Prophecie for your good will: 800

You thinke it is a pleafant'ieft,
To tell the times of peace and reft,
But hee that liues to ninetie nine,
Into the hundreds fhall decline,
Then fhall they fpeake of a ftrange time:
For it will be a woondrous thing,
To fee a Carter lodge with a King
Townes fhall be vnpeopled feene,
And markets made vpon the greene:
This will be as true I tell yee all, 810
As Coblers vfe the thred and nall
And fo becaufe that all men are but morter,
I leaue the paltrie Herrald and the Porter.

Soul. I pre thee come away, Gentlemen with thanks I take
my leaue.

Her. Adiew good fit.

Por. Farewell vnto you both. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Contempt and Venus. *Sc. vii*

Con. Come Lady Loue, now bore we Mars, thou mine I thine
beloude 820

Venus. Ah my Contempt it will be fpidie too foone,
So fhall our pleasures haue a bitter end.
Prouide fome place for I am big with childe,
And cleane vndone if Mars my guilt efpie.

Cont. Sweet Venus be affurde, I haue that care
But you perchaunce will coylye fcorne the place.

Venus. What ift fome Abbie or a Munnerie?

Con. No they abound with much hypocrisie.

Ven. Is it a Gentlemans or a Farmers houle?

Con. Too much refort would there bewray your being. 830

Venus.

The Coblers Propheſie.

Ve. Some Huſbandmands, ſome Inne, ſome cleanly ale-houſe.

Con. Neither of theſe, a Spittle louely Loue.

Ven. What where ſoule Lazers and loathed Lepors lie,
Their ſtinke will chooke thy Venus and hir babe.

Cont. Why gentle Venus I intreat yee be not ouer nice,
What thinke ye as the Prouerb goes that beggers haue no lice?
Procters them ſelues in euerie Spittle houſe,
Haue things as neate, as men of more account.

Ven. But I haue ſeene euen verie meane mens wiues,
Againſt their child-birth ſo prouide for,
As all their huſbands wealth was ſcarce the worth
Of the fine linnin vſed in that month
And ſhall not Venus be as kindelie vſde

Con. It muſt be as we may, Ile goe prouided
And ſpie my time ſlylie to ſteale thee hence.

Exit.

Venus. Awaie for Mars is come,

Enter Mars.

Welcome God Mars, where hath my loue bin all this while?

Mars: Walking about th garden time for to beguile
VVheras between niſenes your maide & newfangle your man, 850
I heard ſuch ſport as for your part, would you had bin there than.
Quoth nicenes to new fangle thou art ſuch a Iacke,
That thou deuifeſt fortie faſhions for my Ladies backe
And thou quoth he art ſo poſſeſt with euerie fantike toy,
That following of my Ladies humor thou doſt make hir coy,
For once a day for faſhion fake my Lady muſt be ſicke,
No meat but mutton or at moſt the pinion of a chicke,
To day hir owne haire beſt becomes which yellow is as gold,
A perriwigs better for to morrow, blacker to behod.
To day in pumps and cheuerill gloues, to walke ſhe wilbe bold. 860
To morrow cuſſes and countenance for feare of catching cold.
Now is ſhee barefaſt to be ſeene, ſtraight on hir muſſer goes,
Now is ſhee huſt vp to the crowne, ſtraight nuſled to the noſe.
Theſe ſeuen yeares truſt me better ſport I heard not to my mind.
The Dialogue done, then downe came I my Lady Loue to finde.

Venus: And thou haſt found hir all alone, half ſickly by ill hap

The Coblers Prophecie.

Sit for a while Mars and lay thy head vpon my lap,
I see my folks behinde my backe haue much good talke of mee.

Mars: And so they haue.

Venus They are too Idle: soft Mars doe you see, 870

Mars: I see some sawcie mates presse in: Nowe firs what
would you haue?

Sat Be not offended fir, we seeke God Mars.

Mars. VVhy and Mars haue you found fir, whats your will
with him?

Raph Are you he I cry you mercie, I promise you I tooke you
for a morris dauncer you are so trim.

Mars: VVhat sayes the villaine?

Sa If thou be Mars, the cause which makes me doubt, is that I see
thy bodie lapt in soft filke which was wont to bee clad in hard 880
steele, and thy head so childishlie laid on a womans lap Pardon
I humbly beseech thee, the plainnes of thy poore seruant, and
vouchsafe to read my poore petition.

*He deliuers the petition, Mars takes and reads it, meane
while Venus speakes*

Venus. Rough shaped souldier enemie to loue,
VVhy dost thou thirst so much for bloody warre,
wherein the strong man by a stronger queld,
Or reacht far off by dastard darters arme,
Breathes forth his spirite with a booteles cry, 890
Leauing behinde his earths anatomie:
By warre the Infant trampled vnder steeds,
Holds to his mother out his feeble hand,
And she is rauisht while hir yongling bleeds
Yet to abide deaths stroake doth quaking stand.
The twice forst virgin like the wounded lambe,
Deiectd at the mercie of the wolfe,
Holds vp hir throat in vaine to bloody men,
That will not kill hir while hir beautie stayeth,
But stab her when her teares her faire decayeth: 900
Away thou bloody man, vex not my Lord,
By warre true loue is hindred and vndone,

The Coblers Propheſie

And Ladies laps left emptie of their loues,
whoſe heads did beautifie their tender knees.

Raph. You need not plaine your laps full inough :

Sould. Faire Venus be propitious I will fight
To maintaine true loue and defend the right,

Venus On that condition ſouldier I am won,
Receau this fauour, Mars let it be done

Mars: Sateros, I haue receiued thy ſupplication, and ſorrow 910
I cannot as I would giue thee immediat comfort. If I ſhould
oppoſe my ſelfe againſt the Gods, they would ſoone ſet fire on
my ſeat, Sixe double vs there are, three at libertie, three imprifoned,
and one their keeper: at libertie, wilines, wrong and wantonnes,
in priſon, are warre wreake and woe, their keeper is wonder;
who once giuing way to libertie for thoſe he holds, ſhall ſet
thee and thy fellowes on worke: in meane time goe thou to the
Duke of Boetia, commend vs to him, when he can he will im-
ploy thee I am ſure, let that be thy anſwere for this time, and ſo
good Sateros be contented 920

Sat. I humbly take my leaue adored Mars,
Proue a good night Rauē Venus I intreat

Venus. Farewell pore ſouldier weare that for my ſake.

Sa: Of both your Godheads dutious leaue I take

Venus. And when goe you fir?

Rabb: VWho I? Good Lord there hangs a matter by.

Mars: why what are you? get gone or I will ſend thee gone.

Raph: I pray you beare a while, gentle maſter mine,
And you ſhall heare my in ſpeech I warrant?

Venus: Goe too fir foole, lets heare what you can ſay. 930

Raph. And ſhall I warrant yee to your coſt my Lady do-little.

*Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game,
that wontſt to croe by day,
And with thy ſharped ſpurreſ
the crauen Cockes didſt kill and ſlay:
Sith now thou doſt but prune thy wings,
and make thy fetters gay:*

The Coblers Prophecie.

*A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
shall flilze thee betray,*

*And tread thy Hen, and for a time
shall carrie her away*

*And she by him shall hatch a Chicke,
this Countrey to decay.*

*And for this pretie Pullets name
thou shalt the better learne.*

*When thou shalt onelie letters fīue
within one name discerne,*

*Three vowels and two consonants,
vvhich vowels if thou scan,*

*Doth sound that vvhich to euerie place
conducteth euerie man.*

*Then call to minde this Prophecie,
for thats the bastards name*

*Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
and win thy wonted fame.*

940

950

Now haue I done the taske for which I came,
And so farewell fine Master and nice Dame

Exit.

Mars rises in a rage, Venus offers to staie him.

Mars. A dunghill cocke to tread my hen?
Breake forth yee hangrie powers,
And fill the world with bloodshed and with rage.

960

Venus. My Lord, my Loue.

Mars. Venus I am abusde

Venus. VVhy will yee trust a foole when he shall speake,
And take his words to be as Oracles?

Mars. But hee hath tucht me neere, and Ile reuenge.

Venus. Aye mee!

Reuenge true Louers wrongs immortall powers,
And nere let Lady trust a fouldiet.

Make as if shee swounds.

970

VVhy

The Coblers Prophecie.

Mars. Why faintst thou Venus? why art thou distressed?
Looke vp my loue, speake Venus, speake to me.

Venus. Nay let me die, fith Mars hath wronged me.

Mars. Thou hast not wrongd me, Mars beleeuēs it not.

Venus. Yes, yes, base Coblers vtter Oracles,
And al are sooth fast words against pore Loue,

Mars. I will beleeuē no words, they are all false:
Onely my Venus is as bright as heauen,
And firmer than the poles that hold vp heauen.

Venus. Now comes your loue too late, first haue you slain^e 980
Her whome your honny words cannot recure againe.

Mars. I will doe penance on my knees to thee,
And beg a kisse, that haue bin so vnkinde,

Venus. And know you not, vnkindnes kills a woman?

Mars. I know it doth? sweet forgiue my fault:

Venus. I will forgiue ye now ye beg so hard,
But trust me next time Ile not be intreated.

Ma. Now hast thou cheard my drooping thoughts sweet loue,
Let me lay downe my head vpon thy knee,
Sing one sweet song, thy voice will rauish me. 990

Venus. Follie come forth.

Enter Follie.

Follie. Anone forsooth

Venus. Bid Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance and the rest bring
forth their Musicke Mars intends to sleepe.

Follie. I will forsooth

Exit Follie.

Mars. I thinke in deede that I shall quickly sleepe,
Especially with Musicke and with song

*Enter Follie with a Fife, Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance, and
lealozie vwith Instruments, they play vvhile Venus sings.* 1000

*Sweet are the thoughts that harbor full content,
Delightfull be the eyes that know no care:
The sleeps are sound that are from dreames exempt,
Yet in cheefe sweetes lies hid a secret snare,*

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Where loue is wacht by prying zealous eyes,
It fits the loued to be warie wife*

Follie Peepe, peepe, Maddam he is a sleepe-

Enter Contempt, and kisse Venus

*Sing: S'leepe on secure, let care not tuch thy hart,
Leaue to loue hir, that longs to liue in change,
So wantons deale, when they their faires impart
Rome ehou abroad for I intend to range :*

1010

*Yet wantons learne to guide your roulng eyes,
As no suspect by gazing may arise.*

Venus: Hold on your Musicke, Follie leaue thy play,
Come hither lay his head vpon thy knee
Fie what a loathed load was he to me.
Come my Content, lets daunce about the place,
And mocke God Mars ynto his sleepe face
Con. Venus agreed, play vs a Galliard.

1020

*Musicke plaies, they daunce, and leap ouer Mars, and making
hornes at euerie turne, at length leaue him.*

Mars: Why sings not Venus? hir loue I to heare,
Sweet let the Fife be further from mine eare.

Follie holds still the Fife.

Nay let the Fife play, els the Musicke failes.

Follie plaies againe

What still so nere my eare, sweet Venus sing.

Sing: where is she?

Out foole, what doos my head vpon thy knee?

1030

Follie. Forsooth my Mistris bid me.

Mars. Wheres Venus, speake ye ribalds, harlots, fooles,
And neuer speake againe except I see hir :

Mars is impatient, finde out Venus soone.

Exeunt duo.

Or perrish slaues, before my angrie wrath.

Follie: Nay a ladie, Follie will liue for all you.

Mars. Away yee foole, tell Venus of my rage.

And

The Coblers Prophecie

And bid hir come to Mars that now begins,
To doubt the Coblers Prophecie

Exit Follie.

Enter Newfangle, and Dalliance.

1040

New: My Lord we cannot finde hir any where

Mars. Hence villaines, seeke the garden, search each place,
Mars will not suffer such abhord disgrace.

Enter Follie.

Wheres Venus Follie, prethee tell me foole?

Follie: Forfooth shees lun away wid a man called Contempt.

Mars: What hath Contempt robd mightie Mars of loue?

Hence fooles and flatterers, flie you from my fight.

Mars with a kindled fire begins to burne,
Away yee hel hounds, Ministers of shame,
Vanish like smoke, for you are lighter farre,

1050

All runne away.

Gainst wantonnes proclaime I open warre
Vnconstant women I accuse your sexe,
Of Follie, lightnes, trecherie and fraud,
You are the scum of ill, the scorne of good,
The plague of mankinde, and the wrath of heauen,
The cause of enuie, anger, murder, warre,
By you the peopled townes are deserts made:
The deserts fild with horror and distres.

1060

You laugh Hiena like, weepe as the Crocodile,
One ruine brings your sorrow and your smile,
Hold on in lighnes, lust hath kindled fire,
The trumpets clang and roaring noise of Drums,
Shall drowne the ecchoes of your weeping cries,
And powders smoke dim your enticing eyes.
These wanton ornaments for maskers fit,
Will Mars leaue off, and fute him selfe in steele,
And strumpet Venus with that vile Contempt.

The Coblers Prophecie.

I will pursue vnto the depth of hell. 1070
Away with pittie, welcome Ire and Rage,
VVhich nought but Venus ruine shall affwage. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke, Sateros, the Scholler, and Raph Cobler, Sc. viii

Duke Well doe I like your reasoning Gentlemen,
You for your learning, Sateros for Act,
The learned is preferre, the fouldier shall not want,
But Sateros, yee must forbear a while,
I cannot yet imploy ye as I would:
Meane time attend the Court you shall haue pay
To my abillitie and your content. 1080

Sat. Thankes to your highnes

Duke. Scholler lead him in
Be kinde to him he is a fouldier.
Attend vpon vs to our hunting Sateros,
VVe must haue pleafant warre anon with beasts

Withdraw Sateros and Scholler.

Raph: VVhen will these fellows make an end.
Duk. Depart my friends, I haue a little bufines
VVith this pore man that doth attend to speak with me

Exeunt Scholler and Sateros. 1090

Fellow what is it thou wilt now reueale?

Raph: You are the Duke of all this land,
And this I with yee vnderftand;
That Princes giue to many bred
VVhich with them fhorter by the head.
You haue a Courtier Emnius namde,
whose flattering tongue hath many blamde.
He lowteth low doth fawne and kneele,
Your worthy meaning for to feele.

And

The Coblers Propheſie.

And quaintly romes your perſon nie,
willing to ſee it fall and die

1100

✓ You haue a Daughter faire and trim,
He loueth her and ſhe loues him
Yet as the Fox doth win the Kid,
So are his ſecret treaſons hid:
He dares not once his paſſions moue,
For feare your highnes ſhould reprove.

Yet is it not your Daughter deare,
That he deſires ſo faire and cleare:

He coueteth your dignitie,

1110

And therefore this intendeth hee.

To day you meane to hunt in wood,

And for he doth pretend no good:

He hath with ſhot intended ill,

And meanes your noble Grace to kill:

I that deſire for to explaine,

The manner of your Graces paine

Giue counſell ere the deed be done,

That you may al deceiuing ſhun:

I ſee that Emnius commeth nie,

1120

My proteſtation quickly trie

And if you finde as I haue ſaide,

That you ſhould be by him betraide:

Remember Raph the Cobling knaue,

You warning of this miſchiefe gaue,

So leaue I you to ſearch the ſlaue.

Exit

Enter Emnius the Courtier.

Emnius: My honorable Lord, the traine attends,
All things are readie for your highnes ſport:
And I am ſent from other of eſtate.

1130

To pray your Grace to haſt your wonted preſence.

Duke: Emnius they muſt attend a while,
For I haue ſecrets to impart with thee:

The Coblers Propheſie.

Emnius. Say on my Honorable Lord to me
Duke. Thou knowſt we muſt vnto the wood.

Emnius. True my moſt Gracious Lord.

Duke. Suppoſe there were a traitorous foe of mine,
VVhat wouldſt thou doe to rid me from my feare?

Emnius. Dy on the traitor, and prepare his graue,
Before he ſhould one thought of comfort haue.

1140

Duk. But tell me *Emnius*, didſt thou ſee a tree,
That bore faire fruite delighting to the eye,
And by the ſtraightnes of the trunk they grow too hie.
wouldſt thou oppoſe thy ſelfe againſt the tree,
And worke the downefall ere the fall ſhould be.

Emnius. I would regard no hight to claime the fruite
That ſhould content me, but attempt to clime
The higheſt top of hight, or fall to death,
Alone and naked to obtaine my will

Duke. I am right ioyous you are ſo reſolude,
Such Courtiers ſhould become a noble Prince.
But tell me *Emnius* had I any foe,
That ſecretly attempted my diſtreſſe,
what ſecret weapon haue yee to preuent?

1150

Emnius. Onely my ſword my Lord, that is my reſt,
My reſolution to defend your Grace.

Duke. And haue you not a Dag to help me too.

Emnius. A Dag my Lord?

Duk. I man denie it not,
I know ye haue a Dag prepaarde for mee.

1160

Emn. I haue a Dag not for your Maieſtie.

The Duke takes it from him.

Du. Yes *Emnius* poure thy ſelfe into thy ſelfe,
And let thy owne eies be thy harts true witnes.
wearſt thou this Dag to iniure any beaſt?
Beaſt thou theſe bullets for a foemans life?
Or art thou bent againſt thy loyall Lord,
To reauē his life that giues thee life and breath?

Em. Gainſt beaſts my Lord doth *Emnius* like to deale,
He is not ſo beaſtlike and abhominatē,

1170

As

The Coblers Prophecie.

As he delights to ioy in trecherie,

Du. So smiles Hiena, when she will beguile,
And so with teares deceiues the Crocodile
Are not these tooles prepared for my end?
Speake ill intending man, Ah Emnius?
Haue I for this maintained thy estate,
Affoorded all the fauours I could yeeld,
To be rewarded with ingratitude,
with murder, trecherie, and these attempts?
And all in hope to win my realme and childe.
I will not shew thy sinne vnto the world,
But as thou didst intend, so shalt thou fall

1180

Emnius kneeles downe.

Receiue thy death, desertfull man of death,
And perrish all thy trecherous thoughts with thee.

Em. welcome my death, desertfull I confesse,
Heauens Pardon my intent, your highnes bleffe.

The Duke raises him vp.

Du. Heauens pardon thy intent, and so doe I,
Be true hereafter, now thou shalt not die
Come follow vs Emnius, learne to know this lore,
Murder of meanest men brings shame, of Princes more.

1190

Exit.

Em. O that same Cobling Rogue that rauing runs,
And madding aimes at euerie hid intent,
Reueald this practise, but Ile stab the slaue,
And he once dead the Dukes death will I haue.

Exit.

*Enter Mercurie vvith a Trumpet sounding, and two of Venus &c vv
vvailing maids, the one named Ru, the other Ina, Ina bearing a
Child.*

1200

Mer. Be it knowne vnto all people, that whereas Venus *alias*
lust, hath long challenged a preheminance in heauen, and been
adored with the name of a Goddesse, the Sinode of the Gods
being assembled, in regard of hir adulteries with Mars, discou-
red

The Coblers Prophecie.

red by Phœbus, when in the face of heauen, they both were taken in an yron net: wherein hir wrong to Vulcan was apparant; and since that, many other escapes considered But lastly and most especially, her publike adulterie she hath committed with that base monster Contempt they haue all consented, and to this decree firmed; that no more shall Venus possesse the title of a Goddesse, but be vtterly excluded the compasse of heauen: and it shalbe taken as great indignitie to the Gods to giue Venus any other title than the detested name of lust, or strumpet Venus: And whosoeuer shall adore Contempt or intertaine him, shalbe reputed an enemy to the Gods More, it is decreed that warre shalbe raysed against Boœtia, and victorie shall not fall on their side, till the Cabbin of Contempt be consumde with fire. Giuen at Olympus by Iupiter and the celestially Synode.

Ru. Ill tidings for my Lady these

Ina. Ill newes pore babe for thee.

1220

Mer. VVhat who are these?

I take yee to bee two of Venus virgins, are yee not?

Ru. Faith she is a pure virgin indeed,
For the childe she had by Venus chap'in,
Is a big boy and followes the Father.

Ina. And so are you a maide too, are ye not?
For the girle you had by Mars his Captaine,
Shees dead, and troubles not the Mother.

Mer. Then I perceiue ye be both maids for the most part.

Ru. well for our maidenheads it skill not much.
For in the world I know are many such.

1230

Ina. I Mercurie I pray let that goe,
wee are faire Venus maides, no more but so.
And in our Ladies cause we doe intreate
To know, if that be true thou didst proclaime?
Or was it spoken but of pollicie,
To fright vs whome thou knewst to be her maides.

Mer. As true as neither of you both are maides
So true it is, that I haue vttered.
The sentence is set downe, Venus exile,

1240

And

• *The Coblers Propheſie.* •

Ina: Ay me poore babe for thee

• *Mer:* Whoſe child is that you beare ſo tenderly ?

• *Ru:* My Ladies child, begotten by contempt

Mer: O is it ſo, and whether beare you it ?

Ina: To nurſe

Mer: To whom ? •

Ru: Vnto ſecuritie

Mer: Is it a boy or girle, I praie ye tell ? •

Ina: A girle it is

Mer: Who were the godmothers ?

1250

Ru: We two are they.

Mer: Your names I craue

Ru: Mine Ru and hers is Ina

Mer: And whether name I praie yee beares the girle ?

Ina: Both hers and mine

Mer: And who is godfather ?

Ru: Ingratitude that is likewiſe the grandfather.

Mer: Ruina otherwiſe called Ruine the child,
Contempt the father, Venus alias luſt the mother,

Ru and Ina the godmothers,

1260

Ingratitude the Oodfather and grandfather,

And Securitie the nurſe,

Heeres a brood that all Boeetia ſhall curſe.

Well damſels hie you hence, for one is comming nigh

Will treade your yong one vnder foot

Ina: Tis Mars, O let vs flie.

Exeunt.

Enter Mars in Armor.

Mar: Now Mars thou ſeemeſt lyke thy ſelfe,
Thy womens weeds caſt off,
Which made thee be in heauen a ſcorne,
On earth a common ſcoffe.

1270

Mars: O Mercurie how am I bound to thee,
That blaizeſt forth this ſtrumpets iuſt reproofe ?
O could I finde the harlot or her broode,

The Coblers Propheſie.

I would reuenge me of indignities :
Now Mercurie, I minde a propheſie
A ſimple fellow brought me on a day,
When wantonning vpon her knee I lay,
How that a crauen cocke ſhould tread my hen,
And ſhe ſhould hatch a chicke this cōuntry to decay, 1280
The baſtards name he tolde me too,
But it was riddle-wife,
Helpe me to ſearch it Mercurie,
I know thee quicke and wiſe,
When I ſhould onely in a word
Fiue letters iuſt diſcerne
Three vowels and two conſonants,
The name I ſoone ſhould learne :
But thoſe ſame vowels hee dyd bid,
That I ſhould duly ſcan, 1290
And they would ſignifie the way
That guideth euery man.
Haſt thou not heard of ſuch a thing ?

Mer. Yes, and dyd ſend that propheſie,
And euen as thou cameſt hether
The baſtard and the godmothers
Were in this place together.

Mar. Were they in deed, where are they now ?
Ile ſearch, Ile follow them.

Mer. Be patient Mars, they will be quickly found, 1300
Ruma is the baſtards name R.N. the conſonants,
V,I and A the vowels be, and *Via* is the waye.

Mars. Now haue I found it Mercury, thou haſt reſolud me
I wyll raiſe warre, I will aduenged bee,
Go with me Mercurie, thou my reuenge ſhalt ſee.

Mer. I will go and do my beſt for thee. *Eueunt.*

Enter the Duke, Scholler, Cöbler.

Sc. x

Raph. Tis true ô Duke, that I do ſay,

He

The Coblers Prophecie.

He still would make thy lyfe away,

He is too frolike and too lustie,

Thou too simple and too trustie,

Warres shall in thy lande begin,

For pride, contempt, and other sin,

Nothing shall appease heauens ire,

Til the cabin of Contēpt be set on fire

And wantonnes with lewd desire,

Be trampled vnder foot as mire,

The Cobler has no more to say,

But for the peoples finnes, good princes oft are tane away

Du. Well, Godamercie fellow, go thou in *Ex. Raph* 1310

Sch. He raues my Lord, its ill aduised of you

To suffer him so neere your princely excellence.

Du. His presence breeds me no offence.

A cry within help, murther, mur-
ther, Raph comes running out,
Ennius after him with his dagger
drawen, after Ennius Zelota the
Coblers wife, who snatches the
dagger from Ennius, and runs ra-
uing.

1330

Ze. What Raph, Raph, so fine you wil not know your wife

What a gilden sword and a siluer knife?

There, there Raph, put it vp.

She stabs Ennius, and he fals dead.

Why so?

She stands againe sodainly amazde.

What so? Why where am I?

Raph. Faith where ye ha made a fayre peece of worke.

Du. Lay holde on them, what violence is this,

To haue one muredred euen before our presence?

The Cobblers Prophecie.

Sch. What cause hadst thou to kill this Gentleman? 1340

Zel None in the world, I neuer knew him I

Raph. No faith shees mad, & has beene euer since I was a prophet, and cause she sawe a dagger without a sheath, she euen put it vpon in his belly.

Du. Why what acquaintance hast thou with this womā?

Raph O Lord sir, she has bin acquainted with me a great while, with mine cares, with euery part of me, why tis my wife.

Sch The lykelyer may it like your grace of his consent, Twere good they both did suffer punishment. 1350

Du. Commit them both, but she has long bin mad, It may be heauen referud her to this end

Sch Come firra you and your wife must goe to ward, Till you be tride for cleerenes or consent

Raph. O sir, whether you will I am content, God Merkedey has ferud me pretily, Has made my wife mad, and sayd shee should not be well, Till by her hand a traitor fell, And I must euen be hangd for companie

Exeunt with the Cobler and his wife 1360
Some beare out Ennius bodie.

Du. I doe not geffe the woman guiltie of this crime, But the iust heauens in theyr feueritie, Haue wrought this wreake for Ennius trecherie

Enter Scholler and Messenger.

Sch. Here is a messenger my gracious Lord, That brings ill tidings to your quiet state.

Du. What are they felow, let vs heare the speak. Spare not

Mess. The Argiues and the men of Theffaly, With mightie powers are come vpon your coast, 1370 They burne, waite, spoyle, kill, murther, make no spare, Of feeble age, or harmlesse infant youth, They vow to triumph in Boeetia, And make your Highnes vassall to their will, They threaten mightily, their power is mightie,

The Coblers Propheſie.

The people fall before them as the flowring graſſe
The mower with his ſyth cuts in the meade,
Helpe your poore people, and defend your ſtate,
Elſe you, they, it, will ſoone be ruinate

Du. I will prouide as farre as heauenly powers,
And our abilities ſhall giue conſents;
Ile to the temple and powre forth my prayers,
Meane while let Sateros be called for,
To muſter vp the people with all ſpeed, *Exit Duke.*

Scb Now ſee I that this ſimple witted man,
This poore plaine Cobler truly did diuine,
The Gods when we reſuſe the common meanes
Sent by their oracles and learned prieſts,
Raiſe vp ſome man contemptible and vile,
In whom they breath the purenes of theyr ſpirits,
And make him bolde to ſpeake and propheſie.

Enter Sateros the ſouldier.

Welcome friend Sateros, you are fitly come,
The Duke intends that you ſhall leade to field
The powers of Boætia gainſt his foes,
Are you prepard, and willingly reſolud?

Sat: Why you ſir by your pen can do as well
I know tis nothing but *Fac ſimile.*

Scb: Souldier, ſtand not on that, diſcharge your duetie,
The countrie needs our ſeruice and our counſell,
Ile doo my beſt, and do you your indeuor,
For publike quiet and Boetias honor.

Sat, Well I forget your ſcornes giuen me in peace,
And rate all enuie at an humble price,
Ile doe my dutie, doe not you neglect,
Armes will not Art, Art ſhould not armes reiect.

Scb: A bleſſed concord, I will to the Duke,
And leaue thee Sateros to thy glorious warre.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Enter hastily the Countrie Gentleman.

Count: O fir, I haue bin seeking ye all day,
And greatly do I praise my fortune thus to meete yee. 1410

Sat: In good time fir, be briefe I pray.

Count: You do remember me I hope.

Sat: Not verie well I promise ye

Count: Lord fir, and you bee aduifde, I was one of them
that reasoned before contempt, when you defended war,
another arte, one the court, and I the countrie.

Sat: I remember in deede such a reasoning, before that
vile monster Contempt, but you I haue forgot.

Count: O Lord fir yes, by that token we went afterward 1420
to the Ordinarie.

Sat: True, true, now I call ye minde, by this token I was
not able to reache commons, and so was cashierd out of
your companie

Count: Twas against my will I faith : ye sawe I was ano-
ther mans guest.

Sat: Its no great matter. But whats your busines wyth
me now, that you seeke for me so hastily ?

Count: Marie fir there is warres toward, do ye not heare
on it ? 1430

Sat: Thats to too sure.

Count: And I feare by reason of my wealth I shall bee
chosen for a Captaine ouer some Companies.

Sat: And what of that ?

Count: Why I haue no skill, and therefore woulde hyre
you to serue in my place. Ile please ye well

Sat: The Duke wantes men fir, and therefore must yee
serue your selfe, though not as a captaine, yet in a place fit-
ting your person. You offer me moneie, why man Ile deale
kindly with ye, ye shal haue some of me, here take it, be not 1440
nice. In the Dukes name I charge ye with horse and furni-
ture to be readie to morrow by breake of day, for the busi-
nes askes speed.

Count: Bu

The Coblers Prophecie.

Count. But I hope ye will not deale so with me?

Sat. But I am sure I will, therefore dispatch on perill of your life

Count. Why what alive is this, that such as I must serue?
A shame on warres for me that ere they were. *Exit.*

Enter Raph and other prifoners with weapons

Sat. Why now fellowes, what are you?

1450

Raph. What fouldier, do not you know me?

Sat. Yes Raph, but what are these?

Raph. Faith certaine pu-fellowes of mine, that haue bin mued vp, & now the exclamation goes we shal haue wars, we are all fet at libertie, and sent to you to be traild vp.

Sat. Why wert in prifon?

Raph. I faith I prophesied so long, that I had like to haue bin hangd. My wife kild the courtier man, that would haue kild me & the Duke to, but Ile be a prophet no longer thats flatte, after I haue done beeing a fouldier, Ile to cobling a-
gaine. 1460

Sat. So doest thou well: But fellowe tell mee why wert thou in

Prif. Faith fir for nothing but riding another mans horse.

Sat. That was but a small matter.

Raph. A thing of nothing, for when he had stollen him, he were as good ride him as leade him in his hand.

Pri. Faith thats euen the truth on it.

Sat. I thinke you all haue bin of such condition,
But now betake you to another course,
The Duke hath giuen you life and libertie,
Where otherwife your deeds deserued death,
If now you doo offend vnder my charge,
Looke for no fauour but the martiall lawe,
Death on the next tree without all remission,
And if ye like not this I will returne yee

1470

From

The Coblers Prophecie.

From whence 'ye came to bide the doome of law,
Speake, will ye liue and serue as true men should?

All. I, I, I.

Raph. I am sure ye take me for none of theyr uumber. 1480

Sat. No Raph, thou shalt be still with mee,
I haue an hoast of worthie souldiers,
Readie to march, to them now will I goe,
Heauens and good fortune quell our furious foe.
Sound drums, *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Contempt, Venus following him, hee pushing her from Sc. xi
him twice or thrice.

Cont. Awaie thou strumpet, scandall of the world,
Cause of my sorrow, author of thy shame,
Follow me not, but wander where thou wilt, 1490
In vncouth places loathed of the light,
Fit shroude to hide thy lustfull bodie in,
Whose faire's distaind with foule adulterous sin.

Ven. Ah my Content, proue not so much vnkind,
To flie and leaue thy loue alone behind,
I will go with thee into hollow caues,
To desert to the dens of furious beasts,
I will descend with thee vnto the graue,
Looke on me loue let me some comfort haue.

Contempt still turnes from Venus. 1500
What not a word to comfort me in wo?
No looke to giue my dying heart some life?
Nothing but frownes, but lowres, but scornes, disdaines?
Woe to my pleasures that haue brought these paines.
Haue I for this set light the God of warre,
Against whose frownes nor death nor heauen can stande,
Haue I for this procurde the angrie Gods
To make me exile from all blessednes.
Haue I for this lost honor and renowme,
Become a scandall to the vulgar world, 1510

The Coblers Prophecie

And thus to be repaide? Ah breake my hart,
 Had all these euils falne vpon my head,
 And millions of more harmes than heauen could heap,
 Yet all were nothing, had not my Content,
 Rewarded me thus vilie with Contempt.

Con. Shape of collusion, mirrour of deceit,
 Faire forme with foule deformities defilde
 Know that I am Contempt in nature scornfull,
 Foe to thy good, and fatall to thy life:

That while I ioyde in glorie and account,
 Disdainde all vertue, and contemnd all vice.
 Good, bad, were held with me of equall price.

1520

And now the waning of my greatnesse comes,
 Occasiond by thy loue, whome Mars aspected,
 And I that all despisde am now reiected
 For which I thee reiect, disdainde and hate,
 Wishing thee die a death disconsolate

Venus. Yet once regard me as a thing regardles,
 Thou art the abiects wretch alieue esteemed,
 I worse than vilenes in the world am deemed:
 I scornd, thou hated, each like other beeing,
 Liue we together void of other being.

1530

Con. Lightnes of lightest things that vaunt of life,
 Sprung from the froathie bubbles of the sea:
 Leaue to solícite him that loathes thy looks,
 Spitting vpon thy faces painted pride
 I will forsake thee, and in silence shrowd
 This loathed trunke despisde and abhord,

Exit.

She offers to follow, he drives her backe

Venus. So flies the murderer from the mangled lims,
 Left limles on the ground by his fell hand.
 So runnes the Tyger from the bloodles pray,
 Which when his fell stomacke is of hunger stancht.
 Thou murdrer, Tyger, glutted with my faire,

1540

The Coblers Propheſie.

Leaſt me forſaken, map of grieſe and care.

O what is beauty humbled to the baſe,

That neuer had a care of ciuill thought?

O what is fauor in an obſcure place?

Like vnto Pearles that for the ſwine are bought :

Beauty and fauor where no vertue bides,

1550

Proues foule, deformd, and like a ſhadow glides.

Ah that my woe could other women warne,

To loue true wedlocke or the virgins life :

For me too late, for them fit time to learne,

The honour of a maid and conſtant wife,

One is adorde by Gods with holy rites,

The laſt like Lampes both earth and heauen lights.

But the foule horror of a harlots name,

Euen of the Lecher counted as a ſcorne :

VVhoſe forehead beares the marke of hatefull ſhame,

1560

Of the luſt-louer hated and forlorne

O ſuch is Venus, ſo ſhall all ſuch bee

As vſe baſe luſt, and foule adulterie.

Exit.

*Enter the Duke, his Daughter, Prieſt, and Scholler : then
compaſſe the ſtage, from one part let a ſmoke ariſe
at which place they all ſtay.*

Sc. vii

Pri. Immortall mouer of this glorious frame,

That circles vs about with wonder great,

Receiue the offrings of our humble harts

And bodies proſtrate on the lowly earth.

1570

They all kneele downe.

Our finnes hath drawne the furie of thy wrath,

And turnd our peace to miſerie and warre :

But if repentant foules may purchaſe grace,

VVe craue it humbly, and intend to liue,

Hereafter more reformd than wee haue done

For pride, we entertaine humilitie :

For our preſumption, due obedience :

Loue

The Coblers Prophecie.

Love for Contempt, and chastitie for lust:
The Cabbin of Contempt doth burne with fire,
In which our sinnes are cast, and there consume.
Heare vs yee heauenly powers, helpe we require,
And be propitious to the penitent.

1580

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Rise from the humble earth my Noble Lord,
Rise vp yee Priests, Princes, and people rise,
And heare the glad some tidings I vnfold,
Of happy peace and glorious victorie.

They all rise and cast incense into the fire

Duke. For that sweete voice offerd to vs by man,
Cast sweetest incense into holy fires,
And while they burne, tell on thy happy newes,
That wee may heare and honour heauenly Powers

1590

Messen. VVhen Sateros my Lord had brought your power,
In view of our presuming enemies:

And equall place was chosen for the field,
He sent a Herrald, willing them restore,
The wrongs that in Boetia they had done,
And leaue the Countrey, turning to their home,
Or els resolute on doubtfull chance of warre.

1600

They proud, ambitious, couetous of gaine,
Returnd an answere filled with disdain
Then was the signall giuen, and strems red,
Menacing blood on either side aduancde.
Drums, Fifes, and Trumpets drownd the cries of men,
That ech where fell before their Foe-mens swords
Mars there shewd ruthles rage on either part,
And murder ranged thorow euery ranke.

Dust dimd the sunnes light, and the powders smoke,
Seemd like thicke Clouds in ayre congluminate
Thus was seauen houres consumde, and doubtfull chaunce
Sometime with vs, sometime with them abode:
Till at the length our Generall gaue charge
To found retreate, which made the hopefull Foe,

1610

The Coblers Propheſie.

Purſue regardleſſe our retyring baids,
That being knit together in firme ranke,
Afreſh purſude their ſtragling followers
Then fell their glory like the ripened corne,
Before the Cickle and the Reapers hand:
In brieſe, ſome fled, moſt ſlaine, and many taken
Haue left the honour to Boætia

1620

Duke. To hēauens and Sateros returne we thanks,
For thy reward receiue this recompence:

The Duke giues him his upper garment.

Our ſelues will forward to ſalute our friends,
That fought for honour of Boætia.
Sound Drum and Trumpet notes triumphantly,
Heauens haue the honour for this victorie.

Exeunt.

*Enter with Drum and Trumpet Sateros lead betweene Mars
and Mercurie, Raph Cobler and his wife following,
and other ſouldiers.*

Sc. viii

Mars. Thus Sateros haue we aſſiſted thee,
Our true ſworne ſouldier, worthy man at Armes,
And the Boætian Duke hath heauen appeaſde,
By firing falſe Contempt and loathed luſt
Mercurie the ſonne and meſſenger of Ioue
VVith me ſhall paſſe vnto my warlike houſe.
Goe thou vnto the Duke with all thy traine,
That longs to ſee thee, and requite thy paine.

1632

Sat. To mighty Mars and wary Mercurie
Poore Sateros giues thanks and vowes his duety

1640

Raph. Are yee here yfaith? heres two on yee,
Raph Cobler may curſe the time that he ere knew your cōpany.

Mer. VVhat mine man?

Raph. I yours, what reaſon had you to make my wife mad?
I and ſo mad to kill one? and then make me a Prophet?

Mer. It was the ſecret iudgement of the Gods, Sateros ſpeak
to the Duke to thinke on him, and to remit hir fault.

Sateros

The Coblers Propheſie

Sat. It ſhall be done.

Mars. Is this the Prophet?

1650

Raph. I that it is, that told you your owne when twas.

Mars. Sateros vſe him well.

Raph. Nere doubt you that: are yee bemembred ſince ye told him, if ye ſet your ſelfe againſt the Gods they would driue you out of heauen.

Mars. VVell what of that?

Raph. Faith at that time the world might well haue afforded you a Cart to ride in.

Sat. Go too Raph, ceaſe

Raph. I, I, and great folke doo amiſſe,
Poore folke muſt hold their peace.

1660

Mer. Mars ſhall we hence?

Mars. I, farewell Sateros *Exeunt Mars and Mercurie*

Enter with honour the Duke and his traine

Duke. VVelcome braue ſouldier, welcome to you all,
Ioy ſtops my words, I cannot ſpeake my minde,
But in this triumph paſſe we to the Court,
VVhere you ſhall all receiue your due deſerts.

Sat. Thanks Noble Lord.

Raph. VVhat ſhall I doo then, and my wife?

1670

Duke. I will prouide for thee, and pardon her.

Raph. Faith then farewell the Court;

For now Ile not run and ride, nor no more abide,
But ſince my mad wife, has changde her mad life,
Ile euen leaue to be a Prophet ſpeaker,
Take clouting leather and naule, and fall to my old trade of the
gentle craft the Cobler

Zelot. I Raph that will be fitteſt for vs

Duke. Come Sateros let me yet honour thee,
To whom the heauens haue giuen great victorie,
And tooke in worth our worthles ſacrifice,
VVherein Contempt and Luſt with old ingratitude,

1680

The Coblers Prophecie

Haue perished like Fume that flies from fire
March forward braue and worthy man at Armes,
Thy deedes shall be rewarded worthily:
Embrace the Scholler, liue you two as friends,
For Armes and Learning may not be at iarre,
Counsell preuents, counsell preuailes in warre

Sat. My thoughts are free from hate, let me not liue,
VVhen souldiers faile good Letters to defend

1690

Sch. Let every Scholler be a Souldiers friend,
As I am friend to thee and so will rest.

Raph. I so liue, and yee are blest.
How saist thou Zelote is not that life best.

Duke. Then with due praise to heauen let vs depart,
Our State supported both by Armes and Art.

Exeunt.

Fortuna Crudelis.

FINIS.

